

Fever For You by foxcanoes

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Cuddling, F/M, Fluff, Get Together, Kissing, Sick Fic, jonathan gets sick, mild sexual themes but like not enough to make it mature, nancy takes care of him, so ur welcome, theres not enough fluffy fics of these two, u feel me

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Summary:

Jonathan's absent from school and Nancy goes to investigate why.

Fever For You

Only Steve's waiting at the lunch table when Nancy's done filling her tray with food. She goes and sits down at the table next to him.

"Hey Nance," he says easily, smiling lopsidedly before putting his arm around her. She slides into it easily and breathes in his familiar smell, warm and spiced.

"Hey," Nancy says with a smile while her eyes scan the cafeteria. She looks around for Jonathan but doesn't find him anywhere. "Is Jonathan in the dark room again?"

"I dunno. He wasn't in history today," Steve observes before taking a bite of his sandwich. Nancy starts eating her own lunch, offhandedly wondering where Jonathan could be. Maybe he's home taking care of Will again. He'd done that a few times since he'd been back in school after his little brother had come home from the hospital. Will was still struggling a lot with being sick every now and then after spending so much time in the Upside Down, and Jonathan was adamant about staying home to care for him when he was feeling under the weather.

"Maybe I'll call him when I get home," Nancy says in a worried tone. Steve's hand on her shoulder squeezes gently.

"I'm sure he's okay," he reassures, but it doesn't stop Nancy from wondering.

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Nancy gets home and runs upstairs to her room before anybody can distract her. She puts her things down on her bed and sits down, picking up her phone. She contemplates dialing for a moment before punching in a number.

The phone rings four times before he picks up. "Hello?" he wheezes, his voice scratchy and thick.

"Jonathan?" Nancy asks, not even bothering to say it was her calling. "Are you okay?"

She hears some distant coughing on the other side of the phone before his voice rasps out, "Nancy? I'm okay. Just have a cold." Nancy frowns.

"You don't sound okay," she accuses, and Jonathan laughs a little before it triggers a coughing fit, followed by a snuffle.

"I-It's fine. I'm okay. Really," he tries to sound convincing, but he mostly just sounds tired and phlegmy. Nancy doesn't believe him at all, but she knows how Jonathan is. He's always doting on others but hardly ever takes care of himself.

"Okay. Will you be at school tomorrow?" Nancy can't help but ask.

Jonathan's silent on the other end for a moment before he sneezes. "I don't know."

"Just... try and get some sleep, okay?" Nancy feels like her mother saying that, but she's concerned that Jonathan won't take care of himself.

"Will do," Jonathan mumbles, and she can hear the smile in his voice, that smile where one side of his mouth pulls up at the corner. The smile he saves just for her.

"Okay, talk to you later," Nancy says.

"Later," Jonathan replies, and before he can hang up she hears him cough some more. The phone goes dead.

Nancy sits on her bed, quiet for a moment, thinking. Then she springs into action.

—

Jonathan's trying to sleep but his head is pounding and he can't stop blowing his nose. His eyes water and he rubs at them, leaving an arm over his face as he groans quietly. He's only in a t-shirt and jeans, but he's sweating and freezing all at once. He stays still for a few minutes, just starting to lull himself to sleep when a knock echoes through the empty house.

Jonathan jumps a little bit, not expecting anybody over. He briefly

considers it might be his mom or Will, but Will's over the Wheeler's and his mom won't be home until late tonight. And neither of them would knock.

The knock resounds again, a little louder this time, and Jonathan figures it must be Lonnie. Sighing, he stands up, stomping to the door and swinging it open, only to find a surprised Nancy standing on his doorstep. "N-Nancy?" Jonathan says unintelligently. "What are you doing here?"

She looks slightly sheepish, and when he looks down he sees a small cardboard box in her hands. She looks down at it too before looking up and meeting his eyes, "I brought some stuff over, I figured you might want some company. Being sick sucks." Jonathan's standing in the doorway, dumbfounded and simultaneously grateful. His heart seizes at the gesture of Nancy being so considerate. She's standing there, looking slightly uncomfortable, waiting for his response with a small smile on her lips.

It takes him a moment to find the words, but then he says in a rush, "Yeah, sure, come in," and moves out of the doorway. Nancy enters hesitantly, looking around at the house that once held the monster that brought them together. It feels almost like a dream now, except the brand new wallpaper on the walls reminds her that it's not.

She shakes the memories and puts the box on the coffee table before sitting down on the couch. Jonathan's still standing near the door, spacing out. He coughs and snaps out of it, looking up at her. "Do you want something to drink?" He asks and then sniffs. Nancy smiles like she knows something he doesn't and shakes her head.

"No, you sit down, I'm taking care of you today," she says with a smirk, and Jonathan gets a confused look on his face.

"What? No, I told you, I'm good," Jonathan insists, starting to head over to the kitchen. Nancy quickly gets up, blocking his way and putting a hand on his chest.

"Listen," she says, and Jonathan does, feeling his pulse pick up when her hand makes contact with his chest. He hopes she can't feel his heart pounding beneath her fingers. He looks at her, fixated on her

lips as she softly says, “You’re always taking care of other people. Let someone take care of you.” She looks up at him from underneath her eyelashes and his knees go weaker than they already were. “Please,” she murmurs, and he was already convinced thirty seconds ago.

Her hand is still on his chest when he mumbles, “O-okay.” It feels way too hot in the living room right now and he’s feeling a little woozy so he breaks all contact with Nancy and goes to sit on the couch, coughing once he’s settled. Nancy gives him a sympathetic look before walking over so that she’s opposite him, and she opens the cardboard box to reveal a bunch of different remedies. “So, I brought over some aspirin, in case you had a headache. Honey, cause it’s good for a sore throat, and a can of chicken noodle soup, because you should eat something,” she’s pulling the items out as she’s listing them and Jonathan finds it ridiculously charming, “Oh, and some ginger ale, because ginger is good for a cold.” She pulls out a couple of tea bags and a mason jar filled with water. “It’s good to stay hydrated,” she notes, pushing the mason jar towards him. She looks at him and he’s smiling one of the biggest smiles she’s ever seen on him. It does something to her stomach that she doesn’t want to name and he picks up the mason jar hesitantly, unscrewing the lid before pausing.

“Thank you, Nancy,” he says quietly. She smiles and goes to sit next to him on the couch while he takes a big swig of water. When he’s done she picks up the teabags and the chicken noodle soup and starts heading to the kitchen. “Nance—“ Jonathan starts to protest but she interrupts.

“You agreed to this, Byers,” she grins from over her shoulder and Jonathan thinks that’s unfair, because she has to know the influence she has over him, and how there’s no way he can say no when she looks at him from underneath her lashes like that. But he stays quiet, carefully watching her in his kitchen, cooking him food and making him tea. The picture is so domestic it hurts, and a pang of want surges through him so suddenly that he’s taken aback by it. He quickly looks down to the floor and keeps his gaze locked there. He coughs again.

“Where do you keep your pots and pans?” She asks.

“Top cupboard on the far left,” he says before coughing again. He feels lightheaded again so he lays down, listening to Nancy prepare his food, and the moment seems surreal.

She works quietly in the kitchen, only making noise every now and then when a pot hits another or when she starts humming under her breath. It sounds like The Smiths. Jonathan smiles a little at that. Once he’s laying down, he starts to feel drowsy, and drifts off a little bit.

He wakes to Nancy’s fingers on his shoulder. “Jon,” she murmurs. He opens his eyes slowly, eyes immediately meeting her big blue ones. He can’t breathe for a moment, and then he’s sputtering and coughing, and Nancy laughs a little, but it’s strained with worry.

“Here, eat this,” she says, and he notices her hands are full with a bowl of chicken noodle soup. She holds it out to him and he takes it, grateful when he realizes how hungry he is. While he’s eating she goes to the kitchen and brings back a mug. “Here’s some tea with honey in it, you should try to drink all of it if you can.” She puts the tea on the table next to the mason jar. Jonathan is at a loss for words.

“Thank you,” is all he can think to say, but he tries to make it sound as sincere as possible.

Nancy sits next to him on the couch. “Of course,” she says, and it just fits.

Of course she’s over here, of course she’s making him soup, of course she’s taking care of him when he’s sick. He would do the same for her. He’s done so much for her. And she’s done so much for him in return. It’s a silent understanding between them that they’re partners. In things as scary as a multidimensional monster, and in things as mundane as a common cold.

In the months following the return of Will, Nancy and Jonathan spent a lot of time together. And she learned more about the Byers, and about Jon’s father, and about why he was so quiet, and so passionate about photography. She learned why his eyes dart away when he talks about his feelings, and why his hands clamp around each other when he’s nervous. She learned about the way his hair looks gold in some lights and chestnut in others. Best of all, she learned about the

different smiles of Jonathan Byers. The shit-eating grin he gave her when he was sorry but not really that sorry, the smile he gave when he talked to her about photography, the smirk when she made herself look silly and he was there to witness it, but best of all; the smile he gave her when she said or did something nice. It was this soft, gentle smile, that blurred around the edges with affection, and it always made her feel warm in a gentle but overwhelming way. He was currently giving her that smile, and she got a little lost in it. "Really, thank you," he emphasizes, and it snaps her out of her reverie. "This was... really nice."

She blushes a little, as she tended to do whenever Jonathan showed his emotions. "You're welcome." She didn't think too much about her feelings, instead choosing to ask Jonathan about how Will was doing. In turn, he asked her about Mike, and about school, and how her and Steve were doing.

When he's all done eating and drinking the tea and water she had brought, she gets the dishes and brings them to the sink, washing, drying, and putting them away all while ignoring Jonathan's offers to help and his protests when she tells him to stay put. He's watching her but then starts to feel tired and achey again, so he lays down, suddenly freezing.

Nancy finishes the dishes and comes over, frowning when she finds Jonathan shivering.

"Jon? You okay?" he looks over at her, noticing the way the skin between her eyebrows creases when she's worried about him. That's adorable, he notes passively.

"Mhm, just cold," he says, pulling a blanket off the back of the couch and covering himself with it. "Sit down," he mumbles, pulling his legs towards him so there's room on the couch. Instead, she comes over, kneeling beside him. He shifts his eyes and sees how close they are, and it makes him shiver a little, which only makes the crease between Nancy's eyebrows deeper.

"You're boiling," she notes with worry, and Jonathan just smiles, a little loopy from the fever. "Here, take these," she hands him two aspirin, goes and refills the water, and then hands him the mason jar. Obediently, he takes the medication, feeling a little dizzy. He coughs

again before laying back down. He closes his eyes, and feels Nancy's on him. He moves his legs again and she laughs. He feels her sit down, and when she does, he gets bold and puts his legs in her lap, which just makes her laugh more. He loves her laugh. It makes him feel lighter, like he can handle anything that happens because her smile recharges him. It makes him smile. "Thanks for coming over," he tells her, eyes still closed, blanket tucked to his chin. She rests her arms on his shins, and he feels light as air.

"Jonathan, you gotta stop thanking me," she chuckles.

"No, I need to thank you more often."

There's a moment of silence before she says, so quietly he can barely hear, "You're sweet."

Suddenly he feels hot all over. They settle into silence, Jonathan struggling to stay awake and Nancy lost in thought. He breaks it. "You don't have to stay here if you're bored. I'm probably just gonna fall asleep soon anyways."

"Well then I'll be here when you wake up," she says simply. He smiles at that.

"Nance?"

"Yeah?"

"You're great." he says it with total conviction, and she giggles.

"I think that's you, Jonathan Byers."

"True. But you too," and it's the fever talking at this point, and they might be flirting but his brain isn't registering his words before they leave his mouth and he opens his eyes, looks at her. Pauses. His mouth is too loose at this point, and he just says it. "You're so beautiful." Nancy's face flushes hot pink.

"Thank you, Jonathan," she says quietly, and he smiles, but keeps going.

"No, seriously. You deserve someone who's gonna make a big deal

about you, y'know? Who's gonna be like, 'Holy shit, I'm dating Nancy Wheeler, the smartest and most beautiful girl in school'. I should take more pictures of you... uh, uhm, I mean like, w-with your consent, of course," he amends, and she laughs, looking down, and Jonathan thinks she's never looked better, and he only wishes he had his camera right now.

"Jon, I think you should sleep, you're a bit loopy." She smiles at him, and there's this sparkle in her eye, and he doesn't want to stop ever looking, but before Jonathan knows it, he's asleep.

When he wakes up, it's dark outside. He's a little disoriented, but ultimately he feels better. His head isn't spinning as much and his temp feels like it's gone down. When he's done his self check he realizes that there's something on top of him. Heavy and warm. With a start he realizes it's Nancy, nestled into his chest, and when he jolts she stirs slightly before falling back asleep, content to nap on top of him. Jonathan just hopes she can't feel his heart pounding beneath her hands, which are currently curled into his black t-shirt in a loose grip. Jon's head, which was lifted so that he could get a better look at her, falls back down onto his pillow, and he just thinks about how his life has changed in the past year, all thanks to Nancy Wheeler.

"Jon?" she murmurs, and he looks down to see her big doe eyes looking up at him.

"Nancy?" Jonathan asks, his eyes drifting down to her lower lip which is currently between her teeth. He swallows.

Then he's kissing her, and he doesn't know who initiates it, but only that it's the best moment of his life so far, and he can't even bring himself to feel guilty because it feels so right and she's so warm and he knows he might get her sick but she doesn't seem to care so for the time being he lets himself get lost in it.

He hesitates for only a moment before wrapping his arms around her to bring her closer. She sighs contentedly as Jonathan thinks for a split second, this is how it should be. He bites her lower lip and she gasps into his mouth, and he's dizzy again but for a completely

different reason this time. Her hands tangle in his hair and he lifts her up so they're in a sitting position, her in his lap. He's exploring, gently and unsurely but she's letting him, so he doesn't stop. His hands trace over her neck, down her shoulders, across her back, to her sides. He lets his hands explore the skin of her hips as hers make their way down his chest, feeling the lean muscle there.

"Jon," she sighs into his mouth, and his grip tightens on her hips, making her moan. He breaks their lips apart to kiss his way down her neck, and her breath hitches. He smiles against her skin, feeling a rare bout of confidence. He experimentally bucks his hips into hers, and she keens. His head is spinning and he's never been so turned on in his whole life but they aren't in a rush, and so he slows it down, placing a chaste kiss on her shoulder before meeting her eyes. She cradles his jaw in her hands and pulls away slightly, resting their foreheads together, Nancy trying to catch her breath and Jonathan thinking she looks even more beautiful if that's possible.

"Shit," is all comes up with, and then they're both laughing, and Jonathan's never felt more at ease.

"Yeah, shit," Nancy agrees, "Now I'm gonna get sick and it's all your fault, Jonathan Byers." He chuckles but can't even bring himself to be sorry for what just happened. He voices that, and it makes Nancy laugh again, nuzzling her nose into his. He kisses her again, just because he can, and her lips are right there, and Jonathan Byers might be slightly in love with Nancy Wheeler.

"We have some stuff to sort out and talk about, you know that... right?" She asks, referring to Steve, apprehensive of the subject.

"Oh, yeah, of course," Jonathan nods, and then adds, "But honestly, I'd fight ten demagorgons if it meant we could be... together, so," he trails off, unused to showing so much emotion in one day. He chances a glance at Nancy, only to find her looking at him with a soft wonderment that he doesn't think he'll ever get used to. "What?" Jonathan asks when she continues to stare.

"Nothing just... you're incredible."

"I think that's you, Nancy Wheeler," he says, echoing their

conversation from earlier.

Nancy smiles knowingly.

“True. But you too,” she grins, and he kisses her on the nose, making her face scrunch up.

They lay back down, Jonathan’s arms wrapped securely around her as she snuggles into him. They talk for a while until Jonathan feels his eyes get heavy, and when he looks down, Nancy’s already asleep. He closes his eyes, falling back asleep, his last thought of Nancy.

Author's Note:

this is my first post on here ever holy heck!! ive had this fic sittin unfinished on my compy for months so i finally finished it up today, because jonathan and nancy are rad as heck and i love their dynamic and jonathan byers deserves all the good things. thanks so much for reading if you did, it means the world!! :)